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of
ROBERT REXDALE





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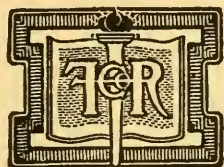
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RHYMES OF ROBERT REXDALE

"Where the Green Cicada Sings"



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ROBERT REXDALE.

PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

FEBRUARY 19, 1904

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RHYMES OF
ROBERT REXDALE

Where the Green Cicada Sings

Phyllis, to your garden nook
I from out Bohemia look,

And I see you dreaming there,
With the sunshine in your hair.

Hands aclasp above your head,
In your cheeks the roses red;

All the air awhirr with wings,
Where the green cicada sings.

And methinks I hear you say,
"Love will come some summer day!"

In your fond eyes, Phyllis dear,
Shines the June light of the year.

Life's today a garden-close,
Where the tree of pleasure grows,

And its branches, cool and sweet,
Drop the rich fruit at your feet.

Thus my fancy roams to you,
Through the smoke cloud's wavy blue —

Where the dream bridge, fairy spanned,
Crosses from Bohemia land.

Unattained

That day of days, long, long ago,
Its memory gilds the years,
When o'er two lives a golden light
Shone through the mist of tears.
The minstrel sang, "Fame's gift is mine,
Forever and for aye!"
Youth's blissful dream o'erbrimmed the heart,
And bade its wild unrest depart;
That far-off summer day,
Ere life was old and gray.

That day of days, long, long ago,
How bright its glories gleam,
Though heart hath drifted far from heart,
Like leaves upon the stream.
The heather blooms as gay again,
The lark sings just as clear!
But ah! the dream of youth is flown,
The minstrel sleeps unloved, unknown;
No homage greets his ear,
No garlands deck his bier.

Motherland

Tonight across my senses steals
The perfume of the pine,
O sweeter far, to homesick hearts,
Than draughts of fragrant wine;
Again uplift the sea-girt isles,
Where sylvan beauties reign,
And dreams of thee come back to me,
O motherland of Maine.

Thy glories gleam before my eyes,
As in the olden days,
I see again the labyrinths
Of Casco's lovely bays;
The sea-gull's cry rings in my ears,
As o'er the foam he flies,
And Memory sets her signal lights
Along the darkened skies.

There's laughter in the swaying pines,
There's music in the gale,
Each ship upon the sea tonight
Is some remembered sail;
And peering through the flying mist,
That folds me in its spell,
I cry, "What ho! — O mariners!"
The answer is, "Farewell!"

Like phantom ships before the wind,
They to their havens flee,
While I a wanderer must drift,
Upon a shoreless sea;

Motherland

But while the lights of being burn,
Within the conscious brain,
My eyes will seek thy far-off coast,
O motherland of Maine.

Yuletide

The skies are dark save for one splendid star,
That marks the manger where the young Child lay.
Far off I hear the surging of the sea,
The town's dull roar is stealing up to me,
Ere breaks the day.

I dream of palm trees swaying in the wind,
Of flocks that graze on far Judea's plain.
I weave the holly and the mistletoe,
And sweet old songs of Yuletide long ago
Sing in my brain.

The cuckoo calls the hour upon the wall,
The gates are shut — the lights are burning dim.
Though deep the snows are drifting on the wold,
My tender lambs are safe within the fold,
Beloved of Him.

Dreaming, I walk the way the Master trod,—
E'en I who may not touch His garment's hem.
This holy night, beneath the happy stars,
I cry to thee from out my casement bars,
O Bethlehem.

Drifting

O fairest maid of rarest days,
Pomona's child with golden tresses,
I loiter in thy sylvan ways,
My heart is warm with thy caresses.
And o'er again, as in a dream,
I voice the words the spell is wreathing,
As in the reeds beside the stream
Pandëan pipes are lowly breathing.

I think of one whose starry eyes,
And laughter through the woodland ringing,
And shy caress and tender sighs,
Attuned the poet's heart to singing.
And like Ausonian king of old,
I listen to the wood-nymph's pleading,
While this poor form of human mold
Plods sadly after Fancy's leading.

O river rippling to the sea,
Thy silver waters softly stealing,
In shadowed beauty o'er the lea,
Awake the slumbrous chords of feeling.
And on thy waves of rosy light,
Seen in my boyhood's happy vision,
I'm drifting from the shores of night,
To isles of rest in realms Elysian.

Yankee Guns at Manila

O hark to the roar of the echoing guns,
As the light leaps the sky;
There's a cry from the deep to Olympia's sons,
"Ye must conquer or die!"
From our brave Dewey's lips
Speeds the word to the ships,
And the guns answer "Aye!"

The battle is fierce and the billows are red
With the blood of Castile!
Aim away — fire again — and the missile has sped
To the bulwarks of steel.
Mark the course of the shell,
On its errand of hell,
Where the poor devils reel.

Our eyes meet the eyes of the fighters of Spain,
In the glimmering dawn,
As the guns volley forth, "We remember the Maine,
And a people forlorn!"
There is death in the bay
As they thunder away,
But a glory is born.

O true is your aim at the far battle line,
Where the red current runs,
Ye men of the prairie and men of the pine,
Who are earth's valiant ones!
And the sailors who died,
In the surge of the tide,
Are avenged by your guns.

At the Gate of St. Andria

He was thy child, O Genoa! the fair,
And loved the blue waves breaking on the shore.
Here first he saw the Hunter and the Bear,
As, sailor-wise, his gaze did oft explore
The growing wonder of Italian skies!
To-day his fame fills all the western world,
And Freedom's flag forever is unfurled
Where lo! the land of hope and promise lies.
A nation's voice proclaims in praiseful song,
"This is Columbus, pilot of the seas!"
Men hear again the story of his wrong —
The cup he drained was bitter to the lees.
Ah! chide me not, if, when the hour is late,
I wait his coming at St. Andria's gate.

Transit of Venus

Full oft, O Venus! heaven's dearest star,
My eyes have sought thee through the quiet night;
In fancy traced thy far empyreal flight
From Paphos, isle of silvery-crested light,
 Drawn in thy golden car.

A brooding calm seemed on the western seas,
As if to list the sweep of rustling wings:
A hush as when some love-lorn Naiad sings
To dreamful sleep beside their crystal springs,
 The nymphs Hesperides.

Across the wave no cry of frightened bird,
No tempest's voice, no sound of laboring oar,
Came on the night's soft whispers to deplore
Thy gracious presence over sea and shore,
 No fluttering pinion stirred.

O tranquil hour, sweet olive-branch of Peace,
Plucked where Life's stormy deluge billows roll,
Come thou again to cheer the weary soul,
And bid it quaff from Joy's o'er-brimming bowl,
 Till its vain longings cease.

And thou, O Sun! be kind to her I love,
As now she glides into thy waiting arms:
For ere the morrow she forsakes thy charms,
To seek again her isle of waving palms,
 Where broods the cooing dove.

Transit of Venus

Then ne'er again until the circling nodes
Have run the course omniscient Jove decreed,
Shall she to thee her rolling cycles lead,
And at thy feet with Beauty's minions plead
For rest in thy abodes.

But he who sings a mortal's trembling tones,
With senses wrapped in Earth's vast mystery,
Will nevermore, O beauteous Venus! see
Thy prostrate form at great Apollo's knee,
Above these changing zones.

And yet I cry for Love's illuming beam,
As my poor shade drifts toward the deathless strand:
Lest it shall miss old Charon's guiding hand,
And wander lonely in the Silent Land,
Where flows dark Lethe's stream.

Lights of the Sand-Man's Town

Sweet bud from gardens of babyland,
O girlie with eyes so blue,
Our slumber boat, by the fairies manned,
Steals off to the isle of Boo!
The cricket is singing his bed-time song,
As stars of the night look down,
And we shall see, ere the way be long,
The lights of the sand-man's town.

The brownie folk have a kiss, I ween,
For each little shining tear;
They dance till morning upon the green,
And all for my girlie dear.
The sound of their fiddles comes on the air,
O'er waters so dark and deep,
And tiniest ships from everywhere
Drop down the river of sleep.

The lady moon peeps out of the sky,
As gently the eyelids fall;
The owlets seek, with a startled cry,
Their home near the ivied wall!
The lights of Boo give a welcome sweet,
As the south wind stirs the palms,
And girlie dreams where the rivers meet,
At rest in the sand-man's arms.

In God's Acre

Within the city's throbbing heart where life is bright and gay,
It nestles from the world apart, God's Acre old and gray.

O'er mossy walls the ivy falls in slender sprays of green,
And silently the lizard crawls the narrow mounds between.

O here in Youth's sweet dreaming time my heart its homage
gave,—
I laid a little flower of rhyme upon an ancient grave.

And pensively my fancy roamed adown the years to be,
Where fairy castles, jewel-domed, gleamed through the mists
for me.

The victor's sword was mine to wield in battle with the foe,—
I dreamed of deeds on Glory's field and longed to strike the
blow.

But now the twilight shadows creep across the harbor bar,
And o'er the tranquil azure deep climbs up a lonely star.

O angel Night, thy dewy wing enfolds the spirit's dream,
And to the fevered heart you bring a balm from Kedron's
stream.

Amid the fall of dying leaves I mark the deepening gloom,
And lay the wreath that Memory weaves on Preble's hallowed
tomb.

The Song of the Bugle

Afar o'er the moorland, O comrades of old,
You sleep where the daisies your ashes enfold;
On fields where you fell in the heat of the fray,
So proud to the last of our banner so gay;
And the song of the bugle is kindly and true,
 "Guard ye the rest of a soldier in blue."

Though strangers you are to the heralds of fame,
The halo of glory encircles each name;
E'en princes may envy the bliss of your dream,
So restful and sweet by the murmuring stream;
And the myraid blossoms that spangle the tomb,
Dispel by their splendor the shadows of gloom.

Aweary of conflict, all silent and lone,
The warrior dreams of the years that have flown;
Of vows of devotion and clasping of hands,
And pressure of lips in the far-away lands;
While voices of dear ones so tender and low,
Are heard in the accents he loved long ago.

Afar o'er the moorland, O comrades of yore,
The bugle is sounding the battle once more;
My spirit is quickened and calls me to die,
And sleep with the daisies all under the sky;
But the song of the bugle my slumber shall woo,
 "Guard ye the rest of a soldier in blue."

To an Image-Breaker

One idol spare, O stern Iconoclast,
And leave the world the magic of a name.
"Shakespeare!"— I tremble at the trumpet blast
That heralds him among the hosts of Fame.
And must his image from its niche be torn,
Shall no voice greet him on the Future's shore?
E'en though a Bacon charm us with his lore,
Must ages cry, "A vanished Pan we mourn!"
No!—Image-Breaker. If thy heart be strong,
Deal blow on blow at Error's gilded creeds;
But leave the world its idol-king of song,
To bid the mind aspire to noble deeds!
The bard who haunts the Avon's lonely vales
Breathes music deathless as the nightingale's.

Daisy Vaile

In a valley of the Southland,
Lives my sweetheart Daisy Vaile,
Lovely, winsome little maiden,
Woody by every passing gale!
I can see her in my dreaming,
As the sky is gemmed with stars,
And I know that she remembers,
When I kissed her at the bars.

O that night of starry splendor,
As we wandered down the dale,
When I told her that I loved her,
Bright-eyed, laughing Daisy Vaile!
Then she heard the olden story,
Told in accents soft and low,
In a land of flowers and sunshine,
Where the honeysuckles grow.

From the hills and from the valley,
Speeds a message dear to me,
"I am waiting in the Southland,
Underneath the myrtle tree!"
In the sky the stars are shining,
Wakes to song the nightingale,
And my heart sends back the answer,
"I am coming, Daisy Vaile."

Heathen Here at Home

[Mr. Riis says if we would have a great republic we must have good homes, . . . and he points out that there is a moral duty imposed upon us to reclaim the slums and rescue their denizens.—*The Chicago Evening Post.*]

Tonight from out the darkened slums the winds of winter
blow,
And they will bear, ere morning break, some soul across the
snow;
The shade of some poor wanderer who once was young and
fair,
Like her whose sunken eyes revealed the darkness of despair.

On every side the haggard face and tattered form I see,
Mute pleaders for the Savior's grace that stilled the Galilee;
The crying of a little child is heard above the din,
And Vice and Want go hand in hand to seek the haunts of
Sin.

Sing not to me of Afric's wilds where heathen throng the
strand,
Nor tell me of your golden creeds and wealth at their command;
But reach the hand of pity out to those who friendless roam,
For what avails if we forget the heathen here at home?

Under the Even's Purple Glowing

(HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.)

Seventy-five bright golden years,
Journeying toward an all-wise Giver;
Seventy-five!— and yet he hears
The rippling sob of Time's great river.

Still for us is his music heard,
Strong and clear are its notes of warning;
Still are the lute-strings sweetly stirred,
Warm is his heart as in life's morning.

Turn, O Muse, to that wondrous page
Glowing for aye with song and story;
Brush with thy wing the mists of age,
Sing of the minstrel's youthful glory.

Here the scenes of his boyhood hours,
Where far-surrounding seas are gleaming;
And here the woodland's breezy bowers,
All sacred to his hours of dreaming.

His was a triumph brave and grand,
Worthy the laurel's proud caressing;
His the touch of a master hand,
Ever the notes of wrong suppressing.

Now softly down the western wave,
Toward shadowed isles his barque is drifting;
And still his song, so pure and brave,
The burden of the heart is lifting.

Under the Even's Purple Glowing

Only the gleam of silver sails,
Under the even's purple glowing;
Only a glimpse of distant vales,
Where the fountains of Fame are flowing.

Invocation

If Death should come,
O Soul,
And in the narrow house thy form be laid,
Give kindly welcome to the yew-tree's shade.
Bid Death unloose the vestments of decay,
And to the potter's wheel return the clay.
No fearsome spectre of a darkened age
Need e'er attend the spirit's parting sigh,
For Truth hath writ upon her glowing page,
"Sustained by faith, how glorious to die!"
And so the dreamer, dead to mortal view,
May wake in grander worlds far out beyond the blue.

If Death should come,
O Soul,
Though some heart ache because thine own is stilled,
Say not that all Life's rarest wine is spilled.
A new tomorrow, with its glad surprise,
More sweet than light that shines in woman's eyes,
Would hail thee comrade in the spirit land,
And thou needst mourn the loves of Earth no more!
O Soul, the lotus-flower is at thine hand:—
Why longer toil and pull the heavy oar?
Death brings to thee the boon, forgetfulness,
Nor king could ask for more, nor beggar crave for less.

Pan

Go list in the forest, as twilight is falling,
The wild, rhythmic music that steals from the glen:
The shade of great Pan through the ages is calling,
“Come back to the woodland, ye children of men!”

My Friend of the Hundred Eyes

Rich in the hosts who love thine ancient name,
O'er thee hath passed full fifty years of fame;
Comrade and friend as thou hast proved to be,
Know, then, I breathe this little song for thee!

In years to come, whatever Time may bring,
Still be the burden of the lay I sing,—
Long life to Argus with the hundred eyes,
And may thy praises from the people rise!
Ne'er hast thou faltered when the way was long.
Dauntless thy spirit in the battle strong.

Age hath its triumphs at two score and ten,
Round thee are gathered thine own merry men,
Greater than war is the might of the pen!
Useless my song on this bright jubilee,
Save that it springs from my heart unto thee.

The Poet's Soul

The poet's soul, created to be free,
Scorns e'en the touch of Avarice and Pride:
'Tis like an eagle by the lonely sea,
In grandeur poised above the shafts of harm,
Nor made inert by Beauty's subtle charm!
Or seems it some Kedalion to guide
The blind man's way up to the sun-god's side.
 To soar its mission,
 Pierce the unseen skies!
And on sublimer heights philosophize,
Till weary eyes shall open on the calm
Of that fair world where God's pure temples rise.

Easter

Hail, sweet morn of Resurrection,
As we humbly bend the knee,
And the tendrils of affection
Twine so lovingly for thee!
Decked with garlands of the Springtime,
Seemest thou a child of May,
But a pensive light is dwelling
In thy thoughtful eyes of gray;
Thou art sad, O Easter day.

Star of Hope, we need thy guidance,
And our songs to thee must flow;
Hearts are weary, lives are dreary,
Waiting till the roses blow!
O the hopes, the joys, the sorrows,
Fond good-byes and bright tomorrows,
That have perished,
Loved and cherished,
Since the days of Long Ago.

Though the shadows steal around me,
They are April's smile and tear,
And our loyal hearts have crowned thee
Queen of all the joyous year!
Sweet thy coming when Earth's beauties
Burst from out their wintry tomb,
And our spirits, like the blossoms,
Spring to sunlight from the gloom;
Welcome then, O day of bloom.

The Sailor Man

Cold is the heart, O sailor man
That beat so true for thee,
And o'er her grave the willows wave,
Beside the moaning sea!
Her lips did fondly breathe thy name,
Till love could speak no more,
And I have watched for thy good ship
From out my cottage door.

She kept for thee, O sailor man,
For thee who wooed and won,
The faith that's thine while stars shall shine,
Or seabird greet the sun;
At night beside her mother's knee,
She knelt her down to pray,
"God send him safely home again,
My lad who's far away!"

Now thou art come, O sailor man,
From far across the brine;
Thy bonnie bride is at thy side,
And joy full sweet is thine!
I see thy ship sail up the bay,
I hear the sailors sing,
But tears are falling on a grave
Where fresh the daisies spring.

Whate'er the Wars Betide

The lights are twinkling down the vale,
The sunset fades away;
And listening to the nightingale,
I dream of Dolly Gray.
For Love still makes the world go round,
Though loud the call to arms;
He reigns a king with garlands crowned,
And wears the victor's palms,
No shock of battle harms.

The cottage in the wildwood dell,
The boat beside the bay,
The music of the vesper bell,
Are linked with Dolly Gray.
But Love still makes the world go round,
Whate'er the wars betide;
He reigns a king with garlands crowned,
O'er all the land so wide,
Though Death march at his side.

To One Who is Blind

Breathe low upon thy flute today,
The blind man's merry roundelay.

The rhythmic streams will softly flow
Where lift the isles of Long Ago.

O, haply there thy feet may stray,
Along the old idyllic way,

When Life and Love and Hope were young,
And each its halo o'er thee flung.

O Gentle Bard

(JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.)

Awake, O lyre, thy joyous rhythmic throng,
And bid them pause attendant to my theme!
For lo! tonight, above the heights of Dream,
I watch a barque upon the deathless stream,
And list the boatman's song.

O gentle bard!—rest on thy weary oars,
Nor longing turn thee toward the Silent Land;
Too soon the tide lifts to its golden strand,
Where wait for thee the vanished poet band,
Upon immortal shores.

Of all whose song has thrilled our western isle,
Thou art the last and dearest to remain;
Thy voice still rings with Freedom's grand refrain,
And we respond to each quick-pulsing strain,
Devoid of earthly guile.

O starry gems, that deck the brow of Night,
Veil not thine orbs in yonder azure spheres!
A life as pure as chaste Diana's tears
Drifts softly down the ripples of the years,
Beneath thy tender light.

To a Lily

O regal Lily on thy slender spear,
Today thou reignest on a golden throne!
Thy robes of green are round thee lightly blown,
And I, a mortal of this rolling sphere,
Have dared to look within thy sacred shrine.
Pandora like, I seek that mystic power
Which bids thee bloom as Hope's immortal flower,
Though long and vain this hapless quest of mine!
Yet in the whispers of thy petals seem
The voices calling from the realms of Care,
"O wayward one on Time's unfriendly stream,
Though now thy barque in stormy courses bear,
There is a vale where fadeless blossoms blow,
And through the years Hope's peaceful waters flow."

Dreaming

Maiden of the dark blue eye,
In whose trustful depths are dwelling
Golden dreams of by-and-by,
Blissful years to thee foretelling,—
Oft the minstrel's lute would wake
Strains that lure to realms of gladness,
Did not pensive thought partake
Of the twilight gloom of sadness.

Though the skies are bright today,
Canst thou tell me of the morrow;
If the heart will still be gay,
Or shall weep alone in sorrow?
All in vain we strive to know
Where these hopes of ours are tending,
Ere the sunset colors glow,
In the blue above us bending.

So I cannot help but dream,
In this sweet September weather,
As beside the sunlit stream
We are loitering together,
Of the silent years to be,
Where the sluggish waves are flowing,
And I cry, "O Time! for me
All too swift thy sands are going."

Young at Sixty-Seven

Somewhere in the past I have read of a mortal,
Methinks 'twas Tithonus of old,
Who prayed he might live on the green earth forever,
And honor the age of the gold.

He wandered at will in the valleys Elysian,
Beloved by Aurora the fair,
Till she, fickle jade, raised a row on Olympus,
Because he had frost in his hair.

Then life for Tithonus was shorn of its beauty,
He longed with the dead to be urned,
And when the bright goddess gave heed to his pleading,
He into a grasshopper turned.

But you, worthy friend, although three score and seven,
Have youth that's refreshingly gay,
Your laugh has the ring of a jolly good fellow,
With never a hint of decay.

Creeds

How barren seem these human creeds,
When Life's resistless tide recedes
 Out to a shoreless sea;
The voyage with the boatman pale,
That mystic walk within the vale,
 Without their light must be.

The worm that grovels at our feet,
Is part of Nature's plan complete,
 And owns a love divine;
And man, poor worm of larger mold,
Shall not his clearer sight behold
 The Father's great design ?

When Curfew Rings

Ere curfew rings another eve,
My ship shall woo the freshening gales,
As far from thee, O Helavieve,
They waft me from these lovely vales!
But Destiny shall watch between,
Love knows his own though seas divide;
Thou art my country and my queen,
And I'll be true whate'er betide.

O maiden fair, O maiden rare,
Thou art so near and dear to me,
Thy memory is an olden air
That pulses o'er the twilight sea!
No voice like thine this bosom thrills,
Since love is in its lightest tone,
And e'en thy songs, by moonlit rills,
Breathe of the joy you dare not own.

Thy tender eyes their meshes weave,
To hold the parting soul in thrall,
As to my breast, O Helavieve,
I fold thee while the shadows fall!
But mark the hour when curfew rings,
Though ships go down far out at sea;
And on the Night's soft-rustling wings,
My heart will find its way to thee.

The Cross is on Her Quiet Breast

O friend beloved for friendship's sake,
My heart for thee doth strangely feel,
In this thy time of sorrow deep,—
When Death hath called to dreamless sleep
Thy love, thy life, thy soul's ideal.

As one who knew her gentle life,
So filled with fragrance and delight,
I gaze across the vanished years,
With all their joys and hopes and fears,
And reach my hand to thee tonight.

I muse upon Youth's golden hours,
Along the path with roses strewn,
And say, "O friend, how sweet to know
The gardens where Love's blossoms grow,
When all the world is rich with June!"

There comes a dream of plighted vows,
Within the heart's sequestered ways,—
The song of birds and hum of bees,
The vibrant music of the breeze,
The glory of the summer days.

And thine the memory of One,
With love light shining in her eyes,
Who lived for home and children dear,
To kiss away each trembling tear,
And make for thee a Paradise.

The Cross is on Her Quiet Breast

The flower is in her folded hands,
The cross is on her quiet breast,
She sleeps with loving virtues crowned,
In Chippiannock's hallowed ground,—
Be brave to say, "God knoweth best."

Twilight

O sacred hour that steals into the soul,
When day's bright orb for me no more doth burn!
Though shattered be tonight the golden bowl,

And all Life's weary wheels should cease to turn,
Thy gentle voice shall calm my utmost fears,
Thy mystic grace shall plead for me with tears.

Vexed by the passions of the fleeting day,
Assailed by doubts, beset by subtle snares,
I come, a pilgrim, in the shadows gray, —
As one who, wearied by the load he bears,
Leans on his staff to hail the evening star,
That rising gilds the distant harbor-bar.

Is there no balm in all fair Gilead's plain,
To soothe the anguish of the tempter's sting?
Siloam's waters! gush they not again,
Nor cool Bethesda lave the angel's wing?
O Death! pale warder of the garnered grain,
Must thy cold hand alone assuage the pain?

Yet were it not for moments such as these,
To peer within the future's misty veil,
Our lives would be as ships on trackless seas,
Devoid of hope, bereft of oar and sail!
And man, poor wreck of passion and decay,
Would drift where faith ne'er sheds a cheering ray.

So take, O Lord! this one brief hour of mine,
In recompense for years of fruitless yield.
Draw near to me, O loving Heart divine,
And from the tempest and its dangers shield.
Though dark the mists and strong the adverse tide,
No fear is mine if Thou be at my side.

Beyond the Battle's Roar

Bring flowers to strew the soldier's grave,
Life's rush and tumult o'er,
While far away
The Blue and Gray,
Beyond the battle's roar,
Are waiting for the bugle call,
Beside the Shenandoah.

Song to a Star

Star that shineth through the gloaming,
 Fairest gem on Even's brow,
Far away my heart is roaming,
 As at Memory's shrine I bow;
And again this bosom pillows,
 In the blissful vales of dream,
Her who sleeps beneath the willows,
 By Mahahla's lonely stream.

On my lips she softly presses
 Seals of love devoid of guile,
As our fond, good-night caresses,
 Mingle at the parting stile;
And my song tonight entwineth,
 With Affection's tender flower,
For thy light, O star! enshrineth,
 Memories of the twilight hour.

Arcadee

Marguerite is young and fair,
Marguerite has golden hair,
Marguerite is kind and true,
And has eyes of rarest blue.

If in Arcadee you meet,
You will know her — Marguerite!
So a message lowly breathe,
As the hours their garlands wreathe.

Say that when the years have flown,
Love will claim her for his own;
Nevermore to cross the tide,
Nevermore to leave her side.

Marguerite will wave her hand,
Marguerite will walk the strand,
Marguerite will sing to me,
In the land of Arcadee.

Dropped Dead

Stranger he was to the pitiless throng,
Viewing his corse as they bore him along,
Heedless for aye of their laughter and song —
Dropped dead.

Low was the message that called him away,
Swift as the thought of a child in its play,
And in the grandeur of silence he lay —
Dropped dead.

Only a heart whose pulsations are o'er,
Only a form that will journey no more,
Only a shade for the Stygian shore —
Dropped dead.

Ah! but the gaze of his wondering eyes,
Piercing the blue of the midsummer skies,
Looked where the island of mystery lies —
Dropped dead.

What did he whisper, O poet, to thee?
Joys of an infinite glory to be,
Dreams of a soul by the shadowless sea —
Dropped dead.

In Life's Bright Vales

To thee, fair maid of Erudition's bowers,
In Life's bright vales rare buds of friendship blow;
And fragrantly the tender blossoms grow,
As joy entwines the pleasure-laden hours!
Far upward borne on flight of airy wing,
The minstrel kneels in Song's melodious fanes,
To list the music of transcendent strains,
And in some lightly flowing measure sing:
"Thou, Erato! sweet muse of blissful spheres,
On this dear maid bestow thy smile benign;
That when the heart its lofty temple rears,
And trusting footsteps near thy mystic shrine,
Love's wondrous light may on her pathway shine,
And beam refulgent through the distant years."

Beyond the Hills of Camelot

The night was fair with stars and moon,
Beyond the hills of Camelot;
The cricket harped his vesper tune,
(A cheerful minstrel he, I wot);
And sombrowise, across the wold,
A warrior rode with shield of gold,
From slumber-eyed Shallot.

The splendor glorified the height,
And fell athwart the barley field;
And all the way an elfin light
Danced jocund from the golden shield;
As on he rode through glebe and glen,
The kingliest knight of Arthur's men,
To where the ancient hermit kneeled.

"Ho! wizard of the hoary beard,
Nought knowest thou of loves or wars;
But in thy vigils lone and weird,
Thou learnest of divinest laws;
And at the hour when to the skies
Thy thoughts on peaceful wings arise,
Give penance for my spirit flaws!"

The cricket's music filled the air,
And died away beyond the west;
And kneeling there in whispered prayer,
The knight became the hermit's guest;
He who was lord of lute and lance,
And wielder of the tender glance
That ruthless pierced a maiden's breast.

Beyond the Hills of Camelot

“Oh, wouldst thou rest thy guilty head,
And Jesu’s true defender be,—
Forswear for aye thy knightly bed,
And come thou here to watch with me;
To prayerful thought thy deeds belong,
Nor prayer nor thought can wake her song,—
She died, forsooth, in loving thee!”

But evermore, so runs the rune,
Beyond the hills of Camelot,
The cricket harps his vesper tune,
(A faithful minstrel he, I wot);
And evermore, across the wold,
A phantom rides with shield of gold,
From slumber-eyed Shallot.

When Thought's Swift Shuttles Flew

The storied fabric, woven in the brain,
O friend of youth, a tribute is to thee.
Here, close enwrought, the critic's eye may see
Each flaw that long within the woof has lain,
Lurk where it will, whatever guise it feign.
Erstwhile, thy presence at my side has cheered,
Near night's lone hour mysterious and weird,
The spirit struggling with life's tangled skein!
Here, in the hours when Thought's swift shuttles flew,—
Elected hopes lost in o'ershadowed skies,—
Rapt has the weaver sought those worlds of blue,
Ere faint of soul he yielded up the prize.
So loves that broaden to the spirit's view
Enfold the heart, O friend long tried and true.

At Hymen's Shrine

O for the Thracian poet's song,
Whose sounding lyre charmed earth and sea,
And called his lost Eurydice
From out the ghostly throng.

For two whose virtues ever shone
Resplendent, lit by fire divine,
Have bowed before the chancel shrine,
And Love has claimed his own.

O magic changing of the years!
Time bears us in his ruthless hand,
And as we near each fairy strand,
Some phase of life appears.

Today the tender floweret blows,
Tomorrow's sun its leaves unfold,
And soon its little tale is told,
The bud becomes the rose.

O, ye who walk sweet Hymen's way,
When life is in its golden prime,
Lose not the music of the chime
That pealed your marriage day.

But in the purple sunset gleam,
Bid Memory spread her silken sails,
And moved by soft, love-laden gales,
Drift on the waves of dream.

The Other Side of the Picture

His corn's in the crib and his wheat's in the bin,
No matter, good sir, how the weather may blow;
A poet may envy and count it no sin,
The man with the hoe.

He doesn't care much for a picture or book,
His cattle and hogs keep him busy, you know;
He rides into town with a satisfied look,
The man with the hoe.

His word at the bank is as good as his note,
Backed up by a couple of eighties or so;
He won't judge a friend by the cut of his coat,
The man with the hoe.

I dine *à la carte* at a caterer's stand,
Where waiters are saucy and prices are low;
He lives at the farm on the fat of the land,
The man with the hoe.

He follows the quail as he whistles afield,
(A gun and a dog are his cronies, I trow);
His orchards the fruit of Hesperides yield,
The man with the hoe.

On Sunday at church, with his folks by his side,
He joins in the singing sonorous and slow;
God prosper the man — he's America's pride,
The man with the hoe.

Beulah

There are heights we all may climb, there are songs we all may
sing,
Out beyond the verge of Time where the flowers eternal spring.

And my soul delights to soar, on the wings of fancy free,
To the vales beyond the shore where the loved are waiting me.

O, the weary-hearted there all the peace of God may know,
In that land so bright and fair where the streams of Beulah
flow.

Joys of earth too soon will fade when the rose has lost its
bloom,
What remains when love is laid in the cold and silent tomb?

Then the songs of Beulah land, falling sweet upon the ear,
Lure us to the heavenly strand with the tribute of a tear

And the heart that knows its God, when the time has come to
go,
Need not fear the way He trod where the streams of Beulah
flow.

The Stranger at the Gate

As the twilight shades were falling o'er a chapel old and dim,
And the sweet-voiced choir were singing soft and low the ves-
per hymn,
Stood a stranger cold and hungry, knocking at a rich man's
door,
And he heard the surly answer, "We have nothing for the
poor!"
But a little heart was quickened and a child voice cried in glee,
"Take these pennies I was saving for the heathen o'er the
sea."

Though a trifle that she gave him, yet it saved a man from sin,
And the organ's rolling anthem sank to depths his soul within;
And he saw as in a vision glimpses of his boyhood home,
Ere a beggar and an outcast through the streets he had to
roam,—
Saw again the water rushing through the wheel that turned the
mill,
And the morning-glories climbing round a cottage on the hill.
Time sped on, the skies grew brighter, and unto the maiden
fair,
Came one day a priestly stranger proud of mien, with silvered
hair.
"Daughter, be thou my confessor,—I am he, your beggar
knave!"
And he kissed the hand that saved him from a heathen's
lowly grave.
"By the garb that now enfolds me, swear I with uplifted eyes,
To befriend the poor and lonely till this heart in nature dies."

Vivian

Violets are whisp'ring the story of the Spring,
In the budding apple-boughs the robins sing;
Vivian is dreaming where the hours beguile,
In her eyes the tender light of God's own smile;
And amid the loveliness of the quiet wood,
Nestle sweetest memories of her maidenhood.

Lawrence Barrett

So Barrett's dead? How soon Life's play is o'er.
It seems but yesternight I saw him last;—
And now he to the dim Unknown has passed,
A stately ghost upon a ghostly shore!
You who received the love-clasp of his hand,
As in the night be breathed a last good-bye,
Oh, but our hearts your grief can understand,
Though the gods will that earth-born man must die.
 "Ave et Vale!"

Hear the players cry,
As the dark curtain falls upon the scene.
Never again, O thou of kingly mien,
Shall we behold the splendor of thine eye;
But to thy shade I raise this glass of mine,
To pledge thee, brother, in Death's dregless wine.

At the Foot of Parnassus

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

To thee, O bard of our dear motherland,
Belongs the tribute of my humble strain;
And though the lyre, in youth's impulsive hand,
Parnassus' song-swept heights shall fail to gain,
It wafts to thee, o'er England's distant seas,
The fountain whispers of Castalides.

Led by the magic of thy poet charm,
I sought the wondrous quarry fields of rhyme;
Saw where great Shakespeare wrought with mighty arm,
And Milton groped upon the verge of time,—
Essaying with his sightless eyes to scan
The guilty face of earth's primeval man.

With thee I climbed the cloud-aspiring tower,
A patient seeker for the Holy Grail;
And thrilled the lute within my lady's bower,
As lovelit eyes kept watch adown the vale;
And shared in peace the hermit's mystic grot,
When slumbrous wings poised over Camelot.

O master, thou who taught me first to sing,
Let me but touch the sceptre in thine hand,
And I will seek for Hope's o'er-bubbling spring,
And restful shadows in a weary land;
Where Genius, toiling by the whispering rill,
May weave the web with all Arachne's skill.

As the Ships Sail Over the Harbor-Bar

Just over the brow of the seaward hill,
There lieth a city all white and still;

And the air is sweet with a faint perfume,
As the wind steals over the orchard bloom.

The sailors of many a craft are there,
And a mother mourneth her girly fair;

But they start no more at the bugle call,
Nor the sunrise gun on the fort's grim wall.

O the tides may come and the tides may go,
And the children play in the cove below,—

Yet never the sound of the breaking swell,
Nor the warning voice of the buoy bell,

Shall waken the sleepers upon the hill,
Where lieth the city all white and still.

But the mother watches a twinkling star,
As the ships sail over the harbor-bar,

And she dreams, dear heart, that her darling's eyes
Are the stars that brighten the evening skies.

Tomorrow

For hopes that were wrecked on the drear isle of sorrow,
Love craves not your pity, nor asks for your tears.
Leave him here with his dreams of a golden tomorrow,
In the halcyon hush of the dawning that nears,—
 Where cares cease to trouble,
 And Life's mystic bubble
Drifts peacefully out on the tide of the years.
The days that are dead were as ghosts of the fancy,
And tortured the heart to its deep-thrilling core;
But freed from the thrall of their dark necromancy,
Love drifts with the bubble and sings to the shore.

Katydid

Never mortal eye hath seen sweet, elusive Katydid,
But a little friend of hers lives in yonder beechen tree;
And through all the summer night, till the twinkle-stars be hid,
He doth pipe in strident tones of this merry maid to me.

Still the burden of his song, ringing down the mountain side,
Finds its echo in a heart that is weary with the years;
For the past returns again, with its portals open wide,
And I care not who may see that my eyes are filled with
tears.

O the past that was and is! O the love that lives for aye,
Nestle close beside me now as the evening shadows fall;
Lo! the purple mists uplift to the hills so far away,
And a ghostly music steals through the starlight over all.

But across my fancy comes, mingled with the torrent's roar,
And the souging of the wind as it sweeps among the fir,
Softest whispers of a maid, "I will love you evermore!"
And I wonder, Katydid, if your spirit roams with her.

Toilers of the Night

Toilers of the night, who look with tired eyes
Far out beyond the dim, white hours! Ye keep
The sentry watch o'er Death's twin spirit, Sleep;
That on the morrow men may leisure-wise
Read all that's writ! With patient skill ye form
The world's events in phalanx grand to see;
Lending to War the terrors of the storm,
Giving to Peace the joy of bird and bee.
Toilers of the night, my heart is one with thee,
Under the dome-like splendor of the stars!
The dawn is beating at my window bars,
A new day breaks across the rosy sea;
And once again the old dreams come and go,
Ghosts of the dear, dead days of Long Ago.

Mavourneen

When shadows of evening are falling,
And light answers light on the lea,
One sweep of the harp strings, mavourneen,
Will bring me in spirit to thee!
That last song we sang, O remember,
For dear was the message it told;
We heard it alone in the twilight,
The story that never grows old.

Last night as I dreamed in the gloaming,
Adrift on Fate's turbulent stream,
A soft hand was laid on my shoulder, —
I saw thy sweet face in the dream!
O peace to the heart's wild emotion,
More precious than silver and gold;
Thine eyes bade me whisper, mavourneen,
The story that never grows old.

Euterpe

This hour so beautiful with bloom
Is sacred to the muse of song;
Its glowing sunset heights illumine
The hopes o'ershadowed by the tomb,
And bid the fainting soul be strong.

And now Euterpe's harp is crowned
With gems that flash like morning rays;
She giveth music for each wound,
And bids the spirit lift its gaze
To skies blue-arched above the mound.

If olden memories of tears,
The ghosts of unforgotten pain,
Rise through the mournful mists of years,—
She sings of undiscovered spheres,
And solace brings the weary brain.

O sentient Lyre! O breathing Shell!
Thy mission to the world we own;
Since in the light of thy sweet spell,
That star-like o'er the desert shone,
New scenes of beauty rise and dwell.

So heavenward on triumphant wings,
Take flight, O heart, and end thy quest;
Where Music's wand hath touched the springs,
And love is in the song she sings,
There flow the crystal streams of rest.

Youth

Our youth is but a fairy page,
Whereon is traced with mystic art,
Ere yet the eye is dimmed by age,
Each tender secret of the heart.

Be brave to read, O Youth, and heed
The lesson that it bids thee learn;
There comes to all a crowning meed,
Though we no silver clouds discern.

Have little hands no work to do,
In Life's far-gleaming harvest field?
Have little hearts no loves to woo,
Shall tiny seeds no fruitage yield?

No rose that blows in leafy June,
But from a baby bud has grown;
The dewdrop sparkled in the moon,
And to the petal's cup was blown.

The mighty oak, whose branches throw
A shadow on the placid stream,
Ere God had bid it wake and grow,
Lay in the acorn's heart a-dream.

So thus may we who helpless lean
Upon the Master's guiding arm,
If we in Youth's fair vineyard glean,
Be shielded from the shafts of harm.

And when at last our earthly sun
Goes down on Life's great harvest day,
His hand will bind the sheaves undone,
And guide us on our homeward way.

Zuleika

"Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above."
—*He Who Died at Azan.*

Thou art dead and night is cheerless,
Though these eyes in grief are tearless,
Beauteous, silent one.
O, that with thee, calm and fearless,
Through the darkness I might journey,
To a cloudless sun.

Nevermore thy lips will bless me,
Nevermore thine arms caress me,
In my harem bower.
Surely Allah did oppress me,
When he from my garden treasures
Plucked the fairest flower.

Sleep, Zuleika, soul of splendor,
Death to thee this hour is tender,
And the Fates have spun.
Allah's good. He is the sender
Of the joy that thou did bring me,
Beauteous, silent one.

My Lady Brought Me Roses Rare

My lady brought me roses rare,
All sparkling with the dew;
A tender light shone in her eyes,
Twin stars in deeps of blue.
Her voice so fraught with melody
Rang through the twilight gloom,
"I bring to thee, my own, own love,
The seal of summer's bloom!"
A deep, sweet peace was mine to know,
In ways we roamed so long ago.

My lady brought me roses rare,
When pain lurked at my side;
A kiss she pressed upon my lips,
Warm with youth's swelling tide.
I whispered, "Sweet, thou art my rose,
The night wind breathes thy name;
So love but live within the heart,
What matters wealth or fame!"
I woke to find the night so lone,
The rose was gone, the dream had flown.

In the Gloaming

Like the far-away gleam
Of a mist-hidden stream,
The joys of the morning are showing;
But their light, as it nears,
Shall illumine the years
Where waters of Lethe are flowing.

Though we mingle no more
On that magical shore,
Where brightly the sunlight is shining;
There are raptures that blend
When the shadows descend,
And life to its close is declining.

For the stars will arise
In our evening skies,
The blossoms will bloom in the heather;
While so trustful and true,
We will look to the blue,
And wait in the gloaming together.

The Homage of the Drum

Men of the nation, sires and sons,
Heirs of a grandeur still to be,
I sing of deeds whose valor won
The glory of Thermopylæ;
I sing the praise of gallant bands
Who held the pass against the foe —
The hosts who stood with Washington,
And gave the Lion blow for blow.

The warning drum-beat wakes the past,
In busy mart and mountain glen;
All armed to strike for liberty,
Spring up the Yankee minute-men!
Again the belfry lantern gleams,
To signal that the foe is near,
And through the night and far away,
Speeds on the steed of Paul Revere.

I see the fathers, roused for war,
Rush on to die with faith sublime,
The offspring of a fighting race,
That humbled kings in Cromwell's time;
I hear the tramp of marching feet,
The air is filled with wild alarms,
And from the darkness rings a cry,
"My countrymen, to arms — to arms!"

Our heroes sleep where cities rise,
To greet the light of Freedom's morn,
Their graves a priceless heritage
For generations yet unborn;

The Homage of the Drum

Nor time, nor tide, nor stress of war,
Shall dim the lustre of their name —
It needs no splendid Parthenon
To make secure the nation's fame.

The guns of mighty battleships,
The rolling drum, the bugle shrill,
Pay homage unto Washington,
The idol of a people's will;
The flag he loved, with newer stars,
Waves over land and over sea,
And armies dare assail no more
Our country vast, united, free.

A Brother of the Broader Tie

The drummer, bless his jolly face,
Hath goodly right to fame;
No matter what his creed or race,
He glories in the name.

He's open-hearted, brave and kind,
And loves a noble deed;
In him ill-luck will always find,
A friend in time of need.

In every land beneath the sky,
He marches in the van;
A brother of the broader tie,
That binds us man to man.

He'll smoke with you and joke with you,
And fight if need there be;
To home and friends and country true,
A generous soul is he.

He works alike in sun and rain,
And taketh blame or praise;
You meet him on the morning train,
In trade's o'ercrowded ways.

His standard to the breeze unfurled,
Floats o'er the distant isles;
He moves the commerce of the world,
And basks in beauty's smiles.

And he is versed in all the tricks,
That travel on the road;
For both in love and politics,
The drummer knows the code.

Machigonne

Strike the lyres and raise the song,
The song of jubilee;
Joyful strains to thee belong,
O city by the sea!
Lovingly thy children kneel
At the altars of their sires,—
Then awake the anthem's peal,
Strike the lyres,
Strike the lyres.

O'er the ocean of the years,
The fleets are sailing on;
To thy port the pilot steers,
Dear isles of Machigonne!
Hosts advancing see the land,
Lighted by its signal fires,—
All is joy upon the strand,
Strike the lyres,
Strike the lyres.

Gladly on this happy day,
O city by the sea!
Tribute at thy feet we lay,
In songs of jubilee.
Peace be thine forevermore,
Rich in all the heart desires,—
Sound the strain from shore to shore,
Strike the lyres,
Strike the lyres.

Lines to a Little Boy

I wish for thee, my little, prattling boy,
Life's bravest battle and its fewest scars;
Such love as shineth in thy mother's joy,
Lit by the gleam that glorifies the stars!
E'en all that Heaven can send to make thee great,
Youth's aspirations and man's grand estate.

My Old Dutch Briar

Skies were fairer,
Life was rarer,
In the days when you were new;
Eyes grew brighter at my coming,
Eyes of brown and eyes of blue!
Of old Heidelberg I'm dreaming,
Far away across the foam;
And I hear a maiden singing,
Just a simple song of home!
But though wealth and fame have missed me,
As we sit beside the fire,—
You and I dream on together,
My Old
 Dutch
 Briar.

When Love was Young in Gascony

O'er the desert sands of duty,
 Madeleine!
Love allures me to thy beauty,
 Madeleine!
Where the starry heights are glowing,
And the streams of song are flowing,
There is bliss beyond our knowing,
 Madeleine.

O, thine eyes are on me beaming,
 Madeleine!
As the raptured soul is dreaming,
 Madeleine!
And my heart its joy is singing,
As to thee its flight is winging,
Rarest treasures homeward bringing,
 Madeleine.

From the realms of love eternal,
 Madeleine!
Sweet, seraphic strains supernal,
 Madeleine!
O'er the wearied spirit breaking,
Bear a balm to soothe its aching,
Thoughts of hours with thee awaking,
 Madeleine.

When Love was Young in Gascony

Thou art gone from me forever,
 Madeleine!
And the flying years dis sever,
 Madeleine!
But thy memory, o'er me stealing,
Harps upon the strings of feeling,
Youth's elusive isles revealing,
 Madeleine.

Wake from Thy Slumbers

Wake from thy slumbers,
In Beauty's bright vales,
Birds of the swift-whirring wing!
Over the waters and storm-laden gales,
Hope to the world-weary bring.

Ever my heart-strings,
Attuned unto thee,
Swept by the soft vernal breeze,
Breathe me a song of the summer to be,
Over the shimmering seas.

Wake from thy slumbers,
Ye feathery train,
Fields with their blossoms are gay!
Under the lingering kiss of the rain,
Deepens the blush of the May.

Grief and Memory

Grief and Memory, hand in hand,
Linger in the sunset land;
And their thoughts are far away,
With the loves of Yesterday.

No More the Bugle Calls to Arms

Beside the martyr's storied tomb,
I dream of battles won;
The armies pass in dim review,
Beyond the setting sun,
And Glory guards the nation's dead,
Where flows the Sangamon.

Far down the vista of the past,
I see the senate grave—
I hear the clash of fierce debate
Around the shackled slave!
Again I see the fighting hosts,
The fleets upon the wave.

But Lincoln's voice at Gettysburg,
Clear ringing through the years,
Hath naught of anger for the foe,
No note of servile fears;
I feel the pathos of his words,
The tribute of his tears.

“Fourscore and seven years ago,
Our fathers gave to thee
This country of the starry flag,
Conceived in liberty—
And dedicated to the thought
That all men should be free.

No More the Bugle Calls to Arms

“Now we engage in civil war,
To test by death and pain,
If such a nation, so conceived,
Is destined to remain;
To prove that these, our honored dead,
Shall not have died in vain.

“And we have come to dedicate
A portion of this field,
To be a final resting-place
For him who would not yield —
But dying as the Spartan died,
Came home upon his shield!”

The tide of battle surges on,
Death rides amid the fray;
A million hearths are desolate,
Their idols torn away;
The mother mourneth for her sons,
Among the Blue and Gray.

Thus do I dream, O Sangamon,
Beneath thy wooded shade,
The story of the sacrifice
On War's red altar laid —
And thus I sing the martyr's name,
Whose glory shall not fade.

Unto this hallowed sepulchre,
The first spring blossom comes;
No more the bugle calls to arms,
Nor sound of throbbing drums;
But safe within the cannon's mouth,
The drowsy beetle hums.

Ballad of the Summer Girl

Where'er I chanced to meet her, on mountain, sea, or shore,
The summer girl so winsome had lovers by the score;
And day by day she queened it in sylvan solitudes,
Attended by a courtly throng of flannel-trouser'd dudes;
But now the leaves are falling a change is in the air,
She stands behind the counter and sells me things to wear.

Her toilets were enchanting and changed at morn and eve,
From skirts with little peep-holes to basques without a sleeve;
She played at golf and tennis and gamboled on the green,
She went to balls and parties and luncheons in between;
But when the leaves are falling her summer dream is o'er,—
There is no time for dreaming in a department store.

The hammock was seductive when she reclined within,
(Ah! me, these foolish fancies,—my hair is getting thin);
And what a world of beauty I saw within her eyes,
Reflecting through their lashes the charm of morning skies;
But wizard fancy winds me around a golden curl,
And though the leaves are falling I love the summer girl.

A Prayer at Sea

O Thou who doth for the sparrow care,
Who ruleth the stormy sea!
Not wealth or fame is the wanderer's prayer,
As seas uplift in the lightning's glare,—
But favoring winds to my darlings fair,
And an anchorage, Lord, with Thee.

Far from Thy Hills and Dells

When softly falls the eventide,
I close my eyes and dream,
And thou art by my side, ashore,
On Shandon's storied stream!
Then pleasure thrills the heart again,
As in the olden days,—
Ere love had left the primrose path,
And sought the stranger ways.

The music of the piper's tune,
The river and the mill,
The merry dancers on the green,
Are in the memory still;
And voices silent in the dust,
These many weary years,
Are borne to me across the sea,
In songs the spirit hears.

Though now in foreign lands I roam,
Far from they hills and dells,
In dreams I see the sunset skies,
And hear the Shandon bells!
But some still night I'll wander there,
Back from an alien shore,—
To fold thee in these waiting arms,
And claim thy heart, ashore.

Star-Gazing

Do you remember that sweet night,
 (I quite forget the year),
We traced Orion's starry flight —
 Just you and I, my dear ?

The story of the Pleiades,
 Who shun the giant's gaze,
Came to us over twilight seas,
 Through Love's romantic haze.

Do you remember how you turned
 To view the storied sky,
While all the lamps of Evening burned —
 And only you and I ?

O, gaily rang the hunter's horn,
 Across the Phrygian plain,
As bravely to the gates of dawn
 He led the shining train.

Do you remember what I said,
 Or why you trembled so,
Or where you laid your golden head —
 One summer long ago ?

Dear girl, I don't recall your name,
 (Though you were young and fair),
And so unto the driftwood flame
 I give this lock of hair.

What the Cricket Said

Araluen, vexed and weary,
As we roamed the homeward way,
Thinks the cricket's song is dreary,
And the twilight cold and gray.
"Little maiden! little maiden,"
Seems the strident note to be,
"Life with love today is laden,
God is good to you and me!"
Thus the cricket in the thicket
Sings beside the wooded stream,—
And we reach the golden wicket,
In the fairyland of Dream.

From dim heights of far-off mountains,
Rings for us the hunter's horn,
And the tinkling, foamy fountains,
Glisten through the waving corn!
Stars of Elfland, faintly stealing,
As the mists enfold the night,
I a child again am kneeling
In the splendor of thy light;
And I bide within the portal,
Finding here surcease of pain,
But the youth that seemed immortal
Thrills no more the pulse and brain.

Araluen, child of laughter,
Would that life were young to me;
Filled with dreams of some hereafter,
Bright and beautiful and free;

What the Cricket Said

Would that I might always ponder
By the river's gentle flow,
Evermore with thee to wander
Where the tangled roses grow!
Evermore to hear the cricket
Singing by the wooded stream,—
As he guards the golden wicket,
In the fairyland of Dream.

At the Turn of the Tide

Old Year, let us keep a last watch over Sleep,
In the cheer of the night's bright glowing!
And here by thy side, at the turn of the tide,
I'll troll thee a song of Eternity wide,
Where ships of the soul at their anchorage ride,
Secure from the storms that are blowing.

O, oft in the strife and the folly of Life,
Song swells from a heart that is aching!
So up from the calm there has stolen a charm,
That lures us away to the realms of the palm,
And nymphs of the isle have distilled us a balm,
To soften the pain of the waking.

The song with a tear now is blended, Old Year,
And white are the mists of the morning!
The heart that was bold lieth silent and cold,
As thy form to my bosom I tenderly fold;
Thou sleepest for aye and the bell it is tolled,
At the turn of the tide in the dawning.

Cardinal Virtues

Faith

We walk with Faith within a stranger land,
And see the cross uplifted by her hand.

Hope

When troubles come and stormy grow the skies,
Hope's splendid star will o'er our pathway rise.

Charity

Sweet Charity, we feel thy presence near,
To hush the sob and dry the orphan's tear.

Temperance

Let Temperance rule in all thy earthly ways,
And on thy brow shall rest the victor's bays.

Fortitude

No braver deed can Fortitude proclaim,
Than praise for him who guards a woman's name.

Prudence

Take time for thought, like Prudence be thou wise
Lest hasty deeds bring sorrow to thine eyes.

Justice

Be just to all, be just to friend and foe,
And Heaven will bless the Justice you bestow

Ben Ali Khan

'Twas the hour of rest in Damascus fair,
As the faithful knelt at the mosque in prayer;
And the beasts, relieved of their burdens, lay
In the calm repose of an eastern day.
From minarets rising to meet the blue,
The cry of the muezzin sounded true,
And the Night again to the world did bring,
The dews of sleep on her downy wing.

But out on the edge of the desert far,
His pathway lit by a fadeless star,
A traveler came with the caravan:
"Praised be Allah,—Ben Ali Khan!"
Thus murmured the host of the wayside inn,
As the breezes blew through his turban thin.
"He cometh again from the distant vales,
To gladden the heart with his wondrous tales."

Old Hassan then bustled about in glee,
And from his tavern looked out to see
Ben Ali, prince of the traveling band,
With stories so merry at his command;
And the maid Zulette, who had sought repose,
At the master's call from her couch arose,
While over the snow of her bosom fell
The sheen of a star that had guided well.

"It is he!" she cried, as her heart beat fast,
"Who promised to cherish while life should last!"
And true to her sex, she in haste did fly,
To a glass that hung in her chamber nigh.

Ben Ali Khan

Her toilet over, she viewed her charms,
Then slipped away to Ben Ali's arms.
Ho! now for a supper of good renown,
With a flagon of Rhenish to wash it down.

The traveler's camels had gone to rest,
When Hassan returned to his welcome guest,
Who, waited upon by the fair Zulette,
Had feasted on dainties before him set.
Then many a story of quaint design,
He wove for them in his language fine;
And he swore by Allah that all were true,
For the scene of each he had journeyed through.

He told of kings and their goodly reign,
Of Arabs he fought on the sandy plain;
He told of death in the dread simoon,
And the nautch-girl's dance in the days of June.
He told them tales of the Zuyder Zee,
He learned in youth at his mother's knee;
And slapping old Hassan upon the spine,
He trolled him a song of the storied Rhine.

On the morrow Zulette was up betimes,
And strolled with her lover among the limes,
And into her listening ears he poured
The praise of a Syrian girl adored;
For never a traveler 'neath the sky,
But loved the glance of a roguish eye;
Though many a maid hath wept forlorn,
From Kala-Mazoo to the Golden Horn.

So all day long, till the first faint star,
Ben Ali worked in the gay Bazaar;

Ben Ali Khan

And the gracious lord of the harem came,
To hail him a fellow of noble fame.
"Thy manner is charming," the Moslem said,
As thrice toward Mecca he bowed his head;
"Come bide with me at the evening hour,
For the air is sweet in my garden bower."

No beauty like hers had Ben Ali dreamed,
As Lelia's eyes from the lattice beamed;
And his heart was caught in a silken snare,
For the rose was red in her raven hair.
But alack for thee, little maid Zulette,—
Thy lips are dry and thy lashes wet;
And while you linger and long and wait,
The camels are off through the western gate.

"By the Prophet's beard," old Hassan cried,
"The flower of the harem will be his bride;
And whether he lose or whether he win,
He'll come no more to the wayside inn!"
And the story runs, with its moral true,
From Damascus town unto Timbuctoo:
"Beware the men of the caravan,
For strong is the tribe of Ben Ali Khan."

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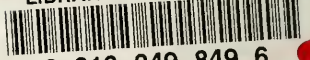
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